Dear Chris, 12/27/91

If you intend to keep this xerox of Oswald in New Orleans for possible future reference let me know and I'll dig out the index and send you a copy. This explanation if I did not give it to you earlier:

Indexer par excellence Lil prepared an index. I had an appendix Because I was the book's makeup may she could index the appendix and did.

Briefly I had an agent. He made a deal with Parallax but never gave me a copy of the contract, if any. I was with him when he made a deal will Dell for the book, with a decent advance for those days. He never got it on paper, Dell backed out and I go zilch. I later learned that the Parallax deal was for me to get half the profit. This is why I never got a cent. But first I must say that the people at small Parallax were wonderful guys one of whom remains a cherished friend. I used to stay with him when in New York and when his two little boys went to bed I told them animal and fair stories when they were in bed.

Parallax distributed through Pocket, subsidiary then of Simon and Schuster in which the president, Boris Chimkin, I think owned the controlling stock. Pocket refused to distribute, surprising Parallax and when belatedly I learned this I knew why. So there was no organized distribution of the book and I am sure Parallax took a loss. I know nothing about the "Canyon" name they put on it. My biggest regret is that by a warehouse error I did not get the remainders as I was to have.

Pocket flipped over Whitewash in 1965 and was boasting it would be the best-selling book of the year all the way up to Shimkin. He nixxed it, I was told why, and he had little real choice. They had published a fraudulent book, "Calories Don't Count," there had been a number of indictments in Brooklyn, federal, and Shimkin did not want to "wave a red flag before the charging bull" of the DJ. Had I been in his place I'd have felt the same way and principle of no principle might have made the same decision. However, they did make voluntary and strong efforts, in my presence, to get it published by Doubleday, whose decision against it was "not editorial and not easy to arrive at." Also that perhaps if I'd not stuck to strict factuality, or if they'd been able to apologize to the government for it, they's have been "tempted."

Facing certain disaster, Parallax immediately started cutting all costs. No index, no appendix, no errors picked up, which mean more typesetting costs, and not even correcting different subtitles on the cover nad title page.

I refused to go to New Orleans at Garrison's request and to testify before the grand jury until after I'd finished the almost-finished manuscript. I then added an unjustified epilgue. It reflects how much that one-time week or so with and near Garrison impresssed me. It was a shadow, but not a happy ending. I am probably the only one who on leaving the grand-jury room refused to say a word to the reporters on what I'd been asked. Old Fogie with an old fogie notion about the grand-jury process, I guess. Best,